

THE
STUDENTS' MONTHLY.

THE KNIGHTS OF MAPLE WOOD.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

When Edith awoke in the room at Maple Wood the morning after her arrival, she was conscious of many bewildering impressions, and of a certain feeling of foreboding evil, or at least, unpleasantness, for which she could scarcely at first account. We have told how Edward Ellis took her into the house to present her to his stepmother. They found that lady lying on a sofa in the drawing-room, a handsome apartment, well furnished, and with a comfortable wood fire blazing in the grate. On hearing Edith's name, the lady rose, took both her hands affectionately, and made her sit down by the fire, as she disencumbered her of her hat and mantle.

"You have had a long lonely journey, my dear girl," she said, "but you are at home now, and we will do all we can to make you happy, won't we, Ned? and now, Ned, go at once and have some tea made—it will do you good, and you are better here with me than if I were to trust you to that boy. Why, he would be walking you without mercy over the country to inspect his log houses and squirrel traps." "I am caught in a trap myself to-day, mamma," said the boy, "I am kept in, and must be off too, or it will be much worse."

"Why, surely you could be excused for this one day, your cousin's arrival and all." The boy hesitated, he was evidently quite willing to stay. "Here, help me with the tea things, and Edith you sit down there; it is such a treat to have some one to talk to who will not bore me with village gossip."

A cheerful group it was, by that warm blazing fire—the pleasant aroma of the tea blending with the fresh pine-wood odour. No wonder that the boy, who had once or twice risen as if to go, hesitated, and finally sat down and listened to the scenes from her early life, which Edith was recounting in answer to Mrs. Ellis' eager questions. Perhaps he would not have been so interested in that simple recital, had not the pleasure been a forbidden one, and the time snatched out of

school hours. As to Mrs. Ellis, she was quite roused from the languor, which Edith had at first fancied in her manner; she talked and questioned with much spirit: her somewhat worn face lit up and took a fresher color. In return for Edith's confidence, she gave her an account of the village, and of the society therein.

"It was a pretty place," she said, "and there were some pleasant people; a great many pretty girls besides yourself, my dear, and oh, so few eligible *partis*. There's plenty of gossip: that you'll soon find out; there is a nice new church, and a young clergyman lately come out from England; an Oxford man, people say he's a Broad-churchman, but I'm sure nothing so shocking can be true, he has such beautiful eyes." Of her own household, Mrs. Ellis spoke rather in the tone of an outsider than of its nominal mistress and head. The children were away, so there would be a few days quiet for Edith to settle down. Alice was a good child, affectionate and not apt to give trouble; poor Ada has been delicate, more so in mind than body; then as to the boys, they were good boys enough—for her part, her health did not allow her to have much to do with the management of them. Mrs. Cadgett did that for her. Mrs. Cadgett was the widow of an old acquaintance of her husband. She was sure, she hoped, that Edith and Mrs. Cadgett would like each other—in that family Cadgett was absolutely invaluable.

An involuntary presentiment that this mutual liking between herself and the invaluable Cadgett might not be so easy, crossed Edith's mind; one of those previsions of future likings or dislikings which rise in one's thoughts, one knows not how or whence; unless, perhaps, in Edith's case, it was caused by her remembering that in leaving the hall she had passed through the boy's schoolroom, and there, amid many caricatures and inscriptions in chalk and charcoal, had noticed a legend to this effect "Cadgett is a sly old cat," "Mother Cadgett belongs to the feline race." There was also a rude drawing representing in outline, the figure of a very disagreeable looking old lady, with outstretched hands like talons, and a hook nose, like the beak of some large bird.

Pending these reflections, the door opened, and to them entered a figure in which, recognizing some vague resemblance to the above mentioned fresco, Edith was not surprised to hear announced as Mrs. Cadgett, but very considerably so, to find herself seized by a pair of skinny hands, (the fingers of which protruded from their black mittens like claws), and folded in a close embrace.

For above half a minute, she went through the process of being folded to Mrs. Cadgett's bosom: where she was half stifled with the quantity of close black crape thrust against her face, besides having her nose pressed violently against some hard substance, which formed part of Mrs. Cadgett's dress.

That lady proved not less demonstrative in her words than in her acts. She was an elderly person, in the weediest of widows' weeds—with a loud quick way of speaking, and a generally aggressive manner; in fact, her tactics on society were those of Lord Nelson in a sea-fight—she sailed into the midst of the enemy and attacked on all sides at once.

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"Now my dear young friend, your name is Edith Sorrel, and I'm agoing to introduce myself to you right off; you shall know all about me. I'm Mrs. Cadgett, and I'm the dearest friend Fanny here has in the world. I calculate we love each other like two sisters, and now you've come to *our* house, and to be a member of our family, I want you to look on me as your mother. Where are your things? I'll go and help you to unpack them this minute: you'll be having some patterns that are new from England, and you must lend some of them to my daughter Julia. She's coming from Montreal this very night by the cars. She has mixed in the very highest society I can assure you."

Here Mrs. Ellis interposed for Edith's protection; she was too tired just now to have her stock of fashions inspected.

"And you, Master Ned," said Mrs. Cadgett, directing her fire to Edward, what are you doing here idling among the young ladies. Figgs Minimus told me you were kept in?"

"I thought he might be excused for this one occasion, Cadgett, you know," said Mrs. Ellis.

But apparently Cadgett did not or would not know. "Now, Fanny dear, you are too kind-hearted altogether, and you let these boys make a fool of you," she said. "If the Major knows it, he will be angry with me and you too; and *you* know well, Master Edward, what your Pa said he would do to you if he caught you scheming again from school: there was to be a *thrashing*, Master Ned, and that's why you're a skulking in here, trying to throw the blame on your step-mother or Miss Sorrel."

Edith pitied the boy as he left the room; his face in a flame. For you see it is decidedly unpleasant to have the prospect of a flogging brought before one in the presence of a young lady cousin.

Mrs. Ellis did make an effort to say something in the boy's behalf, but it was weakly urged, and ably met by Mrs. Cadgett, half with flattery to Mrs. Ellis, and half with threats of the anger of Major Ellis, at any one's interference with the boy's school work.

"Well, I don't like to interfere; he's not my own son, certainly, Cadgett—still it is hard that poor Ned should be beaten."

"Never you fear, Fanny dear, I'll manage all that, and the Major shall know nothing about it. Bless you," she said, bestowing her benediction on Edith. "All our boys look on me as their mother, and respect me as such, I can tell you."

Edith thought that Ned's respect and love for the universally maternal Mrs. Cadgett was not very apparent in his manner to that lady.

Mrs. Ellis, glad to change the subject, had proposed to show Edith her room.

"And I was thinking, do you know, Cadgett, that the little sitting-room outside your bedroom, would do nicely for Edith: the one we intended for her upstairs, is too cold."

She spoke somewhat appealingly as if asking Mrs. Cadgett's consent to her plan; that consent was neither given nor withheld, and Mrs. Ellis, excusing her-

self on the ground of a headache, produced by the excitement of so much talking, left Edith in Mrs. Cadgett's charge.

They entered a comfortable room at the end of the passage; it was cozily furnished, and heavily stocked with Mrs. Cadgett's "belongings:" a photograph of which lady hung over the mantelpiece. She had not much more time to reflect, for Mrs. Cadgett became once more so demonstrative in her affection, that Edith, whose nose was still smarting, dreaded a second embrace. This, however, she managed to avoid by keeping a small round table between Mrs. Cadgett and herself. But from conversation and cross-questioning it was not so easy to escape. Edith soon perceived that her companion had some object in view, though what that object was, did not at once appear. Mrs. Cadgett did nothing openly or in a plain above-board manner. She would talk up to the subject and talk round it, but seldom said directly what she wanted. It was not her way. And it was soon plain that Mrs. Cadgett's present topic was the grievance of having to give up her sitting-room to Edith.

"She loved Edith so much that she would do anything for her; she did not mind for herself one bit; but her daughter, her precious Julia, was coming from Montreal where she had mixed in the most fashionable society. She was sure Edith would treat Julia as a sister." This sisterly treatment Mrs. Cadgett explained to mean that Edith would give up her room temporarily for dear Julia's use. "Only for a time, my dear. And then you will let me leave my little things here, will you not?" said Mrs. Cadgett. Edith thought it by far the easiest way to get out of the difficulty, by proposing to leave the room as it was, to Mrs. Cadgett, saying, that the one originally meant for her would, no doubt, do very well. This offer Mrs. Cadgett appeared to protest against, but, nevertheless, accepted, and when she had gained the point for which she had been speaking, left Edith to return to the drawing room in peace for a little space.

Left to herself, Edith could not but feel conscious of a strong repugnance to Mrs. Cadgett's society. She did not appear open, and Edith's character was essentially truthful.

This feeling was increased by a few words which passed between Mrs. Cadgett and Edward, and which Edith could not help overhearing.

Mrs. Cadgett was settling the affair about Edward's absence from school as she had promised Mrs. Ellis. Her means of effecting this was to persuade the boy to tell his father what she called "a harmless bit of a story" to the effect that he had been to school that afternoon.

"Tell him this, and nobody will be a bit, wiser and I'll write you an excuse to the Rector.

Now as it befel that two lady visitors were announced for Mrs. Cadgett, with whom they were speedily engaged in a commination of certain servant maids who had actually taken to wear real silk and false hair like their betters, Edith sought refuge in the garden. There was Edward walking moodily about, and chopping the heads of the poppies off with his stick like king Tarquin. "Edward, I am glad to meet you here, for I want to say something to you. You were good

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enough to say you wished to be friends with me—is it so?" "Yes, I like you—you are not a humbug like—" "Like whom?" "Like most other people in general, and never mind whom in particular." "Well Edward, I happen to know that some one has been advising you to get out of your scrape about keeping in, by saying what is untrue. Promise me that whatever happens you will not do this." "I promise, cousin Edith, and thank you," he said as he looked into the girl's truthful eyes, "and I like you ever so much more because I see that you hate what is unmanly: and story-telling is unmanly, that it is!" "I think everything that is wicked is unmanly," said Edith.

"That is like what our Warden told us, he says, 'virtus' that is 'virtue' you know, means 'manliness.' And he said in his sermon last Sunday that there can be no true godliness without manliness."

"You seem to think very highly of manliness, Edward."

"And do not you, cousin Edith?"

"Does not 'manly' mean 'like man,' and may there not be very different types of man whom one may wish to be like. It depends on which of these you select for your model, whether I shall agree with you or not. But many things are called 'manly' which I do not approve of."

"My notion of manliness in its highest form, is that of the old knights, who, as Kingsley says:

"Fought and died for God, and not for gold."

"Well, I so far agree with you, that I think the fairest ideal of a life ever presented to man or woman, is to be found in their rule 'faire son devoir.' Yes! they were manly; unconsciously and genuinely so. I think your favorite Kingsley and his muscular Christians, talk too much. They are always saying, 'See how manly we are! we actually like cricket and boating!' Nothing really great is ever self-conscious in this kind of way."

"Then I suppose you will tell me that there is nothing genuine in a plan of mine, which I have been dreaming about for ever so long. But you will let me tell you about it." Edith nodded demurely. She was both amused and pleased at the boy's confidence.

"You know I have no sister, and mamma is always delicate, or fancying that she is; so I never have any one to advise me—I don't mean that exactly, for I get plenty of 'advice'—but to talk as you do, seeming really to care about me."

"I should like to do you good, if I can, and if you like to look on me as your sister, and to ask my advice whenever you think I can help you, I shall be very glad. Shall it be a bargain between us?" said Edith, as the boy took her hand and pressed it. And thereupon as they walked under the long aisle of maple arches, Edward proceeded to explain that he had long been cherishing a plan by which every evil and misfortune incident to a school-boy's life was to be brought to an end. This was nothing else than a sort of a puerile Don Quixotism, a society among the boys, founded on the old chivalric rules. No one was to be admitted until after probation. Courage, truth, protection of the weak were to be the duties of

the "Knight," and he wound up by proposing that Edith should occupy a position in the society, something between that of a sovereign and a patron saint.

"I am no Dulcinea del Toboso," good Knight of the rueful countenance. Your sovereign and patroness sought to be 'Devoir.' However, the boy's idea struck her as one that might, perhaps, be carried out to a certain extent, not without advantage. But she impressed on Edward that no step ought to be taken without the consent of the Warden of the School.

So Edith humoured the boy's fancy, and that day on Jack Ross's return, the plan was communicated to him and to some other pupils of S. Basil's College, Douglasville. And so it came to pass that from what had been proposed half in jest, the "Boys Association" of S. Basil's School arose and flourished. Of its constitution and rules we shall speak hereafter, but the first thought of its establishment came with the above conversation between the cousins. It has borne fruit in the earnest lives of many; its results have been tested in the trade mart, in the hospital and the battle field, and among the boys of that school its members never lost the name of the "Knights of Maple Wood."

When late in the evening Major Ellis returned, Edith was in the drawing-room with Mrs. Cadgett. Edward sat there too reading. "Tell him it's all right, tell him you went to the keeping in," whispered Mrs. Cadgett. "I shall tell my father the whole truth, Mrs. Cadgett," said Edward. "Very well, sir, have your own way, and get flogged," said Mrs. Cadgett in wrath, with an evil look at Edith, to whose influence she instinctively attributed this slighting of her counsels. However, for her too a triumph was at hand. For as the ladies descended to the dining-room they could hear Major Ellis' voice. "Of course, Edward, you have let nothing prevent you from going to school this afternoon." "I am sorry to say that I have, sir. I did not go." "After my warning to you, have you absented yourself again?" "Yes, sir." The voices sounded from a room next the dining room, whence also presently came the sound as of heavy blows of a horsewhip, but no crying or remonstrance.

CHAPTER III.

PER "GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY."

It was the remembrance of this scene, no less than the general impression made on her mind by the Cadgett element in the family, which made Edith less buoyant and hopeful in her new home than she had been the day before. This feeling was increased by a certain air of discomfort about the room; the walls were bare unpapered plaster; there was neither fireplace nor stove; against one side hung a book-case scantily furnished with a few dingy volumes,—a sheet almanac of the year 1857, and a mouldy portrait of the Prince of Wales, dressed in Highland costume, and with a look of extreme depression on his Royal face. As she looked from the window, the sky was dull, and thick mists were around the woods. When one is in bad spirits, very little things are annoying. The washing-stand was a most irritating washing stand—it was too low, and it would not

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stand steady on its three legs ; the soap was a gritty substance with sharp corners ; and when she tried to use it, it darted out of her hand and ran away into a far end of the room, under the bedstead, where she with difficulty recovered it, tearing her hand against a nail in the attempt. " Never mind," thought Edith, as she dressed ; " that book case will do nicely for my books, and what with a little illuminated scroll work and my two or three pictures, the walls will look less bare." And then she began to think more seriously and therefore with more comfort of her duties in her new position, resolving humbly and not in her own strength that she would do her best to do good among them with whom she was cast. " To bear no malice or hatred in my heart, that will be the hardest, I fear." As she was thus thinking, the breakfast bell rang. On her entering the breakfast room, Mrs. Cadgett presented a bold looking, stylishly dressed young lady with beautiful eyes and very showy light brown hair, as " my Julia, Miss Edith." She was not so affectionate as the day before. " Julia has just arrived from Montreal, where she has mixed in the most fashionable society, I assure you !" As they bowed Edith could not help admiring Julia Cadgett : as to the latter young lady she took hasty stock of Edith's appearance and dress in a quick contemptuous glance from the crown of her head where no chignon depended, to the sole of her feet in plain Balmoral boots. And now Edith noticed a young man of about twenty-one, dressed in a sort of semi-clerical attire, who bore a marked resemblance to Edward Ellis. To him she was presented duly, " Mr Cyril Ellis of the Lumber department, Ottawa, an old friend of Julia's and mine, isn't he, July, my dear ?" Breakfast passed rather silently. Mr. Cyril seemed preoccupied, and the young lady lately arrived from fashionable society did not answer the boys' " good morning" as they entered the room ; indeed she spoke only once, to inform her mother that " she felt quite seedy and sewn up." But Edith was glad to see that Edward looked bright and cheerful, not sullen as she had feared. As he passed her on the hill, he whispered, " I have been talking to others of our fellows about *you know what* ; and I think, if the Rector approves he shall be able to manage it ; I will tell Cyril this evening."

That Cyril was indeed an old friend of Julia Cadgett was true. As a boy he had lived almost alone in his brother's home, save for the time spent in S. Basil's school and college. Mrs. Ellis was too much occupied in her fancied ill health to be a companion to him, and, being a boy of remarkably reserved disposition, he had never cultivated the acquaintance of the young ladies, whom he watched as they were floating by him on the road in their pretty summer muslins or skimming the surface of the rink with glittering ankles. But Julia had occasionally passed some of her time at Maplewood with her mother ; she had been just the kind of girl to draw Cyril out of himself ; and when she was fifteen, he several years older, they had been playmates and fast friends. Two years had passed since they last met, when Cyril, on the evening of the Saturday on which Edith arrived, was waiting upon the Montreal Railway platform for Miss Cadgett, whose escort he was to be to Maple Wood. He felt rather nervous as to the meeting. Two years must have made great changes in the bold-eyed imperic

little romp who had climbed trees and run races with him at Maplewood. Then she had been so much "out," so much admired in brilliant military society, of all which he had heard from her mother, and he was but a quiet student who knew so little of the world. Was he even sure that he could recognize her? There were many young ladies flitting about the platform: the evening was chilly and most of them wore "clouds" purple and red, and white and mauve, it was not easy to distinguish any one. For the cloud, the Canadian "Yes mek," if it makes even plain girls appear pretty, also makes the pretty undistinguishable from the plain. And he was not a little astonished when a tall girl in a brilliant tiger striped dress, which became her style of beauty admirably, stepped up to him, holding out her hand. "Why, Cyril, I've been looking for you this hour; however, I've found you at last, and intend to take you under my protection for the rest of our journey. Allons! get me a carriage where I can talk to you comfortably."

"How altered you are, Julia—Miss Cadgett, I beg pardon."

"And how tall you've grown! you remind me of Lieutenant Folter of the Rifles, with whom I danced ever so many times at the Garrison Ball. Do you dance. Of course you do. What a pity you are not in the army!"

"I hope to be ordained in a few months."

"Why, surely you do not intend to refuse Lord ——'s offer. We heard he had given you a clerkship in one of the most important Government offices at Ottawa. I thought, sir, I was travelling under the escort of a swell, a treasury clerk, or something of the kind."

"And I thought you would think of me well enough to wish that I should choose what I feel is best and highest."

"Think well of you. Yes, I do. You have energy and brains, and you are presentable; given a good start in the world, and you will do well. Certainly. But a Canadian parson, a life in the backwoods, with backwoods men for companions, and four hundred dollars a year doled out by reluctant farmers for a livelihood,—'dos't like the picture?"

Cyril laughed. He did not like the picture, or the tone in which it was put before him. But there was something pleasant in being flattered even to his face by the brilliant girl opposite to him, so much his superior in knowledge of the world. And she had been always imperious, always opposed to anything of a serious character.

"It's well for you that I am coming to Maple Wood, to take care of you. I cannot let you throw your chances in life away, my dear Cyril. We must change all this. You shall begin life with a thousand dollars a year, instead of four hundred, and you shall live with the "Swells," and not with the farmers."

"But the farmers have souls to be saved, Julia."

"Yes, souls that my brother Josiah, and his friends Stubbs and Higgins will do quite well enough to look after. Souls whose chief ideas are about pigs and potato crops. You are fit for something higher. I know you are romantic, and romance is a more respectable thing than the coarse hypocrisy of Josiah and his

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fellow saints. They may get into good society *dans l'autre monde*, they never will in *this*. Don't look shocked, Cyril, for I want you to think well of this matter. I like you, and I want you not to throw yourself away."

Before he knew that he had entertained the thought of yielding, her words began to give him pleasure. He would shew her how mistaken she was with regard to his entering the Church. He would win her to his opinion yet; and meanwhile there was something not displeasing in being told what a sacrifice he was about to make, to have it insinuated that he had talents to make a great success in society, that he was "not like other men," as Josiah Cadgett, and Higgins. And Julia was prudent, and did not insist on her advantage. She even listened with great good humour to his talk on some favorite topics connected with Church matters, and questioned him about the chapel choir at S. Basil's. On this point, Cyril was very eloquent; he described with some humour how he had triumphed over the organists' prejudices in favour of Tate and Brady, and had substituted "one of the best modern Hymnals," in the stead thereof. Julia listened, entering into the spirit of all. So, it appeared, did a third unperceived listener—a tall gaunt man, who had come from a remote end of the ear, with the express object of enjoying the conversation which he had observed was rather animated. Cyril was not a little startled by a harsh nasal voice at his elbow. "I guess, stranger, you hev had some experiences in ré—ligion, you hev?" Cyril was too astonished to answer. "I'm a free-will Baptist, I am; now what may be your denomination?" Cyril, who was somewhat disconcerted at the interruption, endeavoured to get rid of his questioner, as well as he could. This proved no easy matter. The "Free Willer," for so he called himself, had no idea whatever that he was intruding: such a thing as the delicacy due to private conversation had never entered his mind; moreover, he was probably an earnest good man in his way, and there was no little shrewdness in some things that he said. He had also taken an evident fancy to Cyril, and could not be shaken off, without gaining his point, which was, to be talked to and argued with. This incident broke the thread of their conversation, and it was soon after the Free Willer left, that they arrived at Douglassville.

During the day, Edith saw little more of the morning's guests. They had been to Church, on returning from which Julia was greeted with marked attention by several of the leading people of the neighbourhood; and, later in the day, Edith had consented to Edward's request that she would come and see their school chapel. She walked over to the school buildings with Edward and Jack Ross, at a little before four in the afternoon. The boys saw her safely ensconced in the stall set apart for ladies, and then went to take their places among their school-fellows. As they returned, Edith was cross-examined as to what she thought of the chapel.

"It is a pretty little chapel, and reminds me of the churches at home," she said; "but it seems to me too small for so many boys and students."

"Oh, there has been a talk of adding a chancel, and that would improve it ever so much."

"And I certainly wondered that you have so little singing—few of the boys seemed to join, and I am sure there must be many who can sing."

"There has been a talk of getting up a choir among the boys. I think if they did get up a regular choir, the boys would join in it gladly enough."

"Unfortunately, Miss Sorrel," said Cyril Ellis, who now joined them, "we have too much the habit of talking about those sort of things, instead of doing them; the chancel was to have been built, and the choir to have been formed years ago when I was a boy at the school."

"And do you know, Cyril, what the Warden said, when Jack Ross and I asked him about the church association? (*ours* guild, you know, Edith.) He said that it might be made, the means of interesting some of the boys in improving the music of the chapel. He has given us his leave, Cyril, and now we want you to join us, and to draw up a code of rules, to submit to the Warden."

"And what is all this—a new fancy to supersede cricket clubs and lamp chimney insurance companies?"

"No, it is all real earnest, Cyril. I have thought of it ever so much since Edith was talking to me yesterday about the connection between truth and manliness; and we are going to have a society of our own, altogether among the boys, founded on the old system of chivalry, and with the object of helping us in devoting ourselves to the 'old chivalric virtues, truth and valour.'

"And we intend our knights to try to be first in everything in the school, first in the forms as well as in cricket and rowing. We have got Elms and Edward, and Herbert; and the rest of us intend to work as hard as we can for the character of our association. It is to be called the body of S. Basil, after the school."

"And what did the Rector say to all this?"

"He said that to call it a system of knighthood was too much like burlesque, but that he had no objection to one forming a Church association under his superintendence, and he said he should expect us to interest ourselves in improving the church singing among the boys, and that perhaps we might be able to form a choir. We are to meet once a fortnight in his lecture room at the college, and he told us to prepare what we thought ought to be the rules by next meeting."

"All this interests me very much," said Cyril, "and I shall take part with you most gladly. I will think over the subject of the rules, and we might manage to do something towards raising funds for the chancel."

"I do not see why we should not do some of the work ourselves," said Jack Ross. "I can paint a little, and so can several of the others. If the chancel is built, we could do the ornamental work with our own hands."

"Yes," said Edith, "I think it would be a pleasure to you to see in your chapel not merely what you had paid for, but what you had actually worked yourselves. Some of the most beautiful carvings in Westminster Abbey Church were worked by the hands of a few loving churchmen of old. Then the devotion of a whole life was spent on beautifying, perhaps a cornice or a capital, some out-work or portion of the home of God. I think the principle is a noble one, and might be revived even in this later and baser age."

Then ensued a talk on church architecture, a subject which was a favourite one with both Cyril and Edith. The young man, though naturally reserved, was carried out of himself by the interest he felt in the topic; already he found his old tastes, which had been somewhat blunted by the influence of his conversation with Julia, revive and carry him back to his former plans of choosing the Church as a profession. Julia's enthusiasm for worldliness and this life, had for a moment carried him with her. Edith had an enthusiasm for something of a higher kind; with her he felt in a better and purer frame of mind. The girl interested him by the very vehemence and earnestness with which she spoke, and the clear honest look of those eyes made him feel that here, at least, was one who could be trusted; certainly she had none of the attractiveness of Julia's manner, yet her talk served to lead his thought into healthier channels, and to reawaken his interest in those subjects which had until lately been all in all to him. Oh, young ladies, friends and sisters! how many of us, in doubt and trial, in temptations of whose existence you do not dream, have been saved and purified by the memory of a few kind words from you.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN OLD
GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOY.

1.

ALONE.

I.

To night my heart is weary,
And sad as sad can be;
There is not one in the wide world
To look with love on me.
And wearily the wind blows,
And blindly falls the rain:—
It seems to strike upon my heart,
Not on the window pane.

II.

The weary wind will rest it,
The rain will slumber well;
Deep-hidden in the rose-bud's heart,
Or in the sweet blue-bell.
But still my heart is throbbing,
As sad as sad can be:—
There is not one in the wide world
To think with love on me. M. 1856.

2.

HEARTS IN AUTUMN TIME.

I.

What if the fields be sere and brown!
What if the dead leaves flutter down!
We have not miss'd our way,
Where by spring blossoms plenteous
And sweeter still than in the May.

II.

What if the mavis sing no more !
 What if the wanton winds deplore
 The wan year's vanish'd grace !
 Glad summer glows within our hearts,
 Wherein time leaves no autumn trace.

III.

What if the palsied branches moan !
 What if the glades be drear and lone !
 Love's tender tendril clings
 Still green about our sunny lives,
 Wherein eternal verdure springs.

ESSAYS ON MODERN EUROPEAN LITERATURE.—No. 1.

HEINRICH HEINE. — HUMOURIST AND POET.

German literature, which has been very generally studied by thinking men among us since the impetus given first by Coleridge, and still more by Thomas Carlyle, has been characterized by any other quality rather than playful humour. Profundity of thought and research, a restless spirit of speculation and criticism were the chief attraction, and of these even the poetry of Germany partook. Lighter literature had hardly an existence in that cloudy atmosphere of idealism ; novels were few and of an inferior class, and a German comedy in five Acts was so ponderous in its efforts at wit that one endured its progress, with passive submission, wondering whether, by any dispensation of Providence, it would ever come to an end. But here, born at Hamburg "*Bocotum in jure crasso que sub acre natus,*" is the author of some twenty volumes of sparkling lyrics, which, sceptical, cynical and sometimes immoral, as they are, have yet won the ear of Europe, as no poetry since Byron's has done, and have exercised a marked influence on the younger poets of our own country.

Heinrich Heine was nephew of one of the partners in the well-known Jewish banking firm of Heine in the free town of Hamburg. "I was born," he says, "in Hamburg, the native city of hung-beef." In one of his ballads he thus alludes to his early days.

My child, we too have been children,
 Young children tiny and gay,
 We made our abode in the hen-house,
 And hid there among the hay.

We merrily laughed and shouted,
 And all that came by that road,
 When we cried "cock-a-doodle,"
 Thought the cock had really crowed.

The cat came in state to visit us ;
 And in the days since that,
 We have had many a visit
 From many a cross old cat.

We sat and we talked full gravely,
 Like people sedate and old,
 How the good old times had vanished,
 How scarce was credit and gold.

Ah ! truly said the children,
 Things are not now as they were,
 The gold is scarcer and dearer,
 The faith and the love more rare.

Heine's youth was passed amid the most exciting scenes of German politics and polemics. He saw the closing scenes of the great French revolution, and belonged to the rising generation known as "Young Germany," whose darling project was a democratic and social revolution, and whose idol, strangely enough, was the emperor Napoleon I. "Of the great chief," he writes, "all I can say is *vidi tantum*. Once as a child I was held up to see him: there he stood reviewing the guard about to march for Russia, glancing with keen imperial eyes at the grenadiers, defiling past." "Ave Cæsar imperator morituri te salutant!" Through Heine's life, France and French ideas were his delight. From thence he imbibed the clear concise style, and the esprit of subtle Voltairian mockery, which distinguishes his lyric poetry. All Heine's verses are written in curt, easily read logical sentences, very unlike most German poetry, and his prose is the clearest and most lucid in the language, not excepting Goethe. His first volume is the one which, with all its faults, is the most popular, the *Buch der Lieder*, a Book of Ballads. This consists of a collection of lyrics relating chiefly to the topics of a young man's life, the ferment and fever of a strong imaginative spirit, all-questioning and all-doubting, seeking for rest in sensual pleasure and finding none. The old German legends of witch and water sprite are carnalized rather than spiritualized, and yet withal there is a lucid power and a melody which extorts our admiration, and which will never cease to haunt the memory of one who has read the lyrics of Heine in the original. Will our readers care to make acquaintance with a few specimens, even at the disadvantage of seeing "through a glass darkly" in our English rendering? We will take the *Luralie*. The *Luralie* is an evil spirit who appears in the guise of a beautiful woman; she sits on a rock beside the Rhine, sirenwise singing and braiding her golden hair as such dangerous people have done since the days of Pyrrha. Woe to the belated traveller who listens to the charm, and gazes on the fatal beauty which blinds him to the rising storm.

LURALIE.

I.

I know not what thoughts are thronging
 My heart with their wondrous chime :
 They fill me with passionate longing
 For a dream of the bygone time.

II.

The sky is cool in the darkling,
 But quietly flows the Rhine
 In colours of sunset sparkling,
 The tops of the mountain shine.

III.

A Ladye is there reclining
 Unrobed and strangely fair,
 Her golden jewels are shining---
 She binds her golden hair.

With a golden comb she binds it,
 And sings a magic song,
 In trancing melody winds it
 River and cliffs along.

The fisherman hears it singing
 With rapture and wild surprise,
 He sees but the lady singing,
 He heeds not the storm arise.

And darkly will roll the river
 O'er fisher and boat ere long,
 Such ruin is linked ever
 With Luralie and her song.

In another ballad we see the interior of a little sombre Lutheran parsonage; it is four days since the father of the family, the minister of the parish, has died, and been buried in the churchyard in the midst of which 'his former dwelling stands. But discontent and terrible selfishness are battling in the minds of his children, who sit at the window from which the graves may be seen; they speak wild rebellious words, though the widow their mother sits among them reading her Bible. One daughter, yawning, exclaims that there is never any thing to see from that house—except a funeral. Another threatens to run away to a gayer companion. The son exclaims that he will join a gang of robbers who are drinking at the village. "Accursed of God!" the mother shrieks, throwing her Bible at him. At this moment

"A tapping comes to the window,
 And the waving of a hand—
 In his Minister's robes among them,
 Doth their dead father stand."

In Heine's ballads many of these lyrical tricks occur—the point of the poem is reserved for the end, when it is brought out with an epigrammatical conciseness. For instance in the poem "Mein Hertz, Mein Hertz ist tramisg,"

My heart, my heart is weary,
 Yet brightly beams the May
 As I lean against the lindens,
 Upon the terrace gray.

We read through several stanzas of description of the scenery of the quiet German village, the river with its mill "dripping diamonds from its wheel," the maidens by the water side, the fort before which

" I watch the sentry pacing
With orderly even tread.
He shoulders and rests his musket—
I wish he'd shoot me dead !"

Having a clear insight into the weaknesses of his countrymen for speculation, transcendentalism and its jargon found little favour in Heine's eyes. "If to England," he says, "is given the empire of the seas, to France that of the land, what remains for Germany—the clouds. The English love Freedom as a wife, with a calm steady affection; the French, as a mistress passionately and extravagantly; the Germans, as an old grandmother." Heine's democratic leanings caused his exile; he retired to Paris, where he published many volumes of poems, and his charming "Pictures of Travel." In May, 1848, he was stricken with paralysis, and from that time to his death in 1856, never left what he called "his Mattress-grave." He had married a French lady, who did not know German enough to read a line of his poems. On one occasion Madame Heine was unusually late away from home, and the poet, struck with the thought that she might intend to abandon him, sent into her room to know if her favorite pet, a parrot, was there. When he learned that it was, he said "My mind is relieved — she would never have the heart to abandon poor Fanchon."

After his death a volume of poems was published. The tone of most of these is a deep melancholy, the sorrow of one who has no hope. To the world the pagan poet of our day, the indifference and careless sensuality of the old pagan poet is not of easy attainment. He has rejected consolations of which they knew not, he is conscious at least of ideals not given to them. We subjoin another specimen of Heine's manner.

I.

Thou hast precious pearls and diamonds,
Thou hast gold that men adore
And thou hast eyes that are brighter,—
Then, Love, what wilt thou more ?

II.

On these eyes and their peerless beauty,
I have written full many a score
Of deathless songs and ballads—
Then, Love, what wilt thou more ?

III.

Those eyes have bewitched me and lured me
To wreck on a deadly shore
My hopes on earth and in Heaven—
Then, Love, what wilt thou more ?

SONNET.

What can I do that others have not done ?
 What can I think that others have not thought ?
 What can I teach that others have not taught ?
 What can I win that others have not won ?
 What is there left for me beneath the sun ?
 My labour seems so useless, all I try
 I weary of, before 'tis well begun ;
 I hate to grovel and I cannot fly.
 Hush ! hush ! repining heart ! there's One whose eye
 Esteems each honest thought and act and word
 Noble as poets' song or patriot's sword.
 Be true to Him : He will not pass thee by,
 He may not ask thee 'mid His stars to shine,
 And yet He needeth thee ; His work is thine.

J. R.

SOME THOUGHTS ON "ECCE HOMO."

Very conflicting are the judgments which the Reviews and other organs of the various Church and no Church parties have passed on this remarkable book, which we are told Mr. Gladstone sat up a whole night to read, and which has awakened the interest of the higher class of readers to a degree rare in the case of books of a religious character. This interest may be partly accounted for by the charm of a style of rare grace and power, a style vigorous, manly and lucid, owing little to rhetorical ornament ; partly from the zest which even a religious book seems to derive in our day from a *soupeon* of heresy, and from the perturbation which the work caused among critics, orthodox and heterodox. But, perhaps, the chief reason for the popularity of "Ecce Homo" is to be found in what may be called the psychological interest of the book—like Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, it is the record of the struggle of an individual mind, a mind of no ordinary gifts, and to judge from internal evidence of the book and its method, of no ordinary love and appreciation of the great English virtue, Truth.

There are many expressions throughout "Ecce Homo," especially in the early chapters, which, if taken in themselves, have unmistakably the tone of modern Rationalism ; that questioning spirit which stands up as the *Advocatus Diaboli* against all old beliefs, and which having lopped off the heads of the long received historic legends, has of late years made efforts to trench on the belief in the supernatural, in Christianity itself. Such passages as these have been brought together in a trenchant article in the *London Quarterly*, and, with far less ability, in a vituperative one, in the *American Church Review*, wherein the author of "Ecce Homo" is arraigned not only for heresy, but for want of candour and un-

derstatement of the Gospel facts. And with much, if not all, of this criticism we must agree, if we regard the book as a definite final statement of the author's conception of Christ and His acts, if, in other words we regard it as written by a Christian. But there is another view of it which, if accepted, must greatly modify the judgment we form of "Ecce Homo," and this view is entitled to a hearing, inasmuch as it is that whereby the author explains the standing point and scope of his work. It amounts to this, that "Ecce Homo" is an attempt to look at Christianity from the outside, the effort of a mind to which doubts (let us allow the "honest doubt" of the much abused quotation from Ten-nyson) had become familiar, and which had long breathed the hazy air of Rationalism and Semi-Rationalism, to strain through that mist for some glimpse of the ancient landmarks, for some gleam of the heavenly city.

Waving for a time other miracles, the author of "Ecce Homo" sees the miracle of Christianity in History, the Church and her teaching, partial indeed, or perverted it may seem at times, "the bridal dress worn out and the orange flower faded," still unlike anything else among men; and he thence is led to enquire, in such manner as may be done from his point of view, about the Church's Founder, and His mission. In this enquiry he takes the merest residuum of facts which allowance for destructive criticism would leave from the Gospel records "not resting upon doubtful passages nor drawing on the fourth gospel." Admitting

that "the accounts of the miracles may be exaggerated," that prophecy is to be spoken of (as it is the Rationalistic mode to speak of it) as "a gift like poetry or high art," that the Temptation was subjective, and the voice from Heaven, a sound in the sky shaped into words by men's imaginations; taking this low ground, and postulating no more than those outlines of the acts, and teaching of Jesus, which must be admitted, if we admit His historical existence at all, he traces out the idea of the Christian Church as it existed in the mind of its Founder, and then follows out the magnificent realization of that idea by a wisdom with which no achievement of philosophy or statecraft can be compared. He shows the inherent unity and life-likeness of the character of Jesus, "altogether it is beyond the reach of invention, both by individual genius, and still more by what is called the consciousness of an age."

And once arrived at this point he is of necessity carried on to higher ground.

If Christ is not mythical, it cannot be denied that He undertook at least to perform miracles, and moreover that the claim to miracle-working was one source of His influence with men. "In this case the reality of miracles themselves depends in a great degree on the opinion we form of Christ's veracity, and this opinion must arise gradually from the careful examination of his whole life." p. 41.

Here we find ourselves at once in a higher region and a purer atmosphere than at the outset of the enquiry. Once admit the fact that miracles were performed as part of the Saviour's agency amongst men, once admit the great central miracle of the resurrection, and the argument of probability is in favour of the genuineness of other miracles recorded in the Gospel. Infidel attacks on the

miracles are commonly directed against some individual case of miracle which seems capable of being explained away; if we look on all the miracles of the Gospel cycle as part of a scheme which we must accept if we believe the moral character of Christ to be what His biographers represent it, the ground of faith becomes broader than when we quibble about the amount of testimony and the balance of opposite probabilities. If true miracles took place in any case, it is improbable that mythical ones should have grown up about them. The contrast would be too great. Fabulous conquests accumulate round Hercules or Bacchus, not round Cæsar or Alexander. So also with regard to prophecy, admitting as our author does the actual Divine interposition for the purpose of reconstituting society, and of perfecting through all history results which are in no sense the effects of human genius, it becomes probable that in previous ages, and especially under that type of religious society which the author of Christianity came to renovate, God left not Himself without witnesses, whose utterances were of a different kind from those of patriotism, art, or lyric genius. The conclusion at which this part of the book forces us to arrive becomes inconsistent with much of the language of the early chapters. And from this very inconsistency we would argue the author's sincerity. We recommend the attention of thoughtful readers to this aspect of the argument for the Gospel miracles, of which we have endeavoured to give a summary. It is to our mind far more likely to strengthen faith than the usual one from testimony, the rather because the testimony in this case is that of Christ Himself, and we are thus brought nearer to Him, with a faith which is more that of the heart and the higher reason than of the understanding and its logic.

It is curious to see how this confession of the reality of the miracles has drawn on this book the animosity of the real opponents of Christianity, the rationalist critics of the Westminster Review, and of "Frazer." In the former the claim of "Ecce Homo," to rank as an essay in Philosophical criticism, is denied on the ground of its recognition of miracles. Before leaving this subject we would recommend to those interested in it the perusal of a most thoughtful essay on miracles, by Mr. Mansel, in *Aids to Faith*.

We have purposely dwelt on one phase of the enquiry pursued in this work, humbly hoping that a consideration of the argument which starts from Rationalism to arrive at Belief may be not without interest and use to some readers, but there is much in the volume which our limits forbid us adequately to consider. The first nine chapters investigate the nature of the society which it was the mission of Christ to establish: this was "to rehabilitate the Theocracy of the Old Testament in its essential features." And these were, according to our author, 1. The Divine call and election of Abraham. 2. The Divine legislation given to the nation through Moses; and 3. The personal relation and responsibility of every member of the Theocracy to its invisible King. The remaining chapters consider the means whereby this reconstitution of society was carried out among men. Throughout these there are passages of great beauty, among which we would speci-

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ally draw attention to the view which is taken of faith. The author's conception of the meaning of "faith," differs from Pearson's definition of it "as the assent given to dogma," as widely as from Coleridge's (which has been adopted by Bonar, and others of his school) "the subjective appropriation of the objective work of Christ." The word faith is used in "Ecce Homo," to express that love of goodness which tends to realize itself in good acts. There is a popular expression which seems to convey a somewhat similar idea. We say a man "believes in" some particular course of action, meaning that he has an enthusiasm for it, and will give himself to it whenever it is in his power to do so.

"Ecce Homo" ends rather abruptly—leaving a feeling of regret that more has not been written on the individual relations of the believers to Christ. Still the book is after all what it professes to be, only a fragment, of which a future instalment is promised. When that promise is fulfilled we cannot help predicting that the author of "Ecce Homo" will be found to take far higher ground than he has done in this essay. The argument he has advanced must carry him farther. Christ must be in every essential respect to the new Theocracy what Jehovah was to the old. And the mind that knows what it is to struggle through Rationalistic misconceptions to a belief in the Christian miracles, cannot surely withhold a fuller faith to the Divine and Incarnate Son of God. P. M.

L'IMMORTELLE.

The seasons pass, the flowers fade,
 Its very waves forsake the river;
 The golden light gives place to shade,
 I change not—I who live for ever.

My love departs not with the breath;
 When from my heart my buds they sever,
 They live, and bloom, and mock at Death;
 Love lives for ever and for ever.

The summer burns me on the lea,
 Beneath the snow my flowrets shiver—
 Time that slays all things, slays not me:
 I live, and bloom, and love for ever.

I laugh at Hope—should Hope decay,
 My life in love shall perish—never!
 Let all else die and pass away,
 Death takes not *me*; I love for ever.

Yea! though the fierce fire melt the rock,
 Though the fixed mountains shake and quiver,
 I care not for the earthquake's shock:
 Love cannot die; love lives for ever.

Naught hurteth me. Whene'er the tie
 That binds my love to earth is riven,
 I take my immortality,

And live, and bloom, and love in Heaven. JOHN I. PROCTER.

CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

By far the most interesting item of Church news of the last month to the churchmen of Canada, is the consecration on the festival of St. Paul, the day this notice is being written, of a Canadian Bishop, without letters patent, royal mandate, licence from the Queen, or any act of intervention whatever on the part of the Government. We are, therefore, absolutely free from "all semblance of connection with the state," Lord Romilly to the contrary notwithstanding. Our readers will remember the election of Archdeacon Bethune, last September, to be coadjutor Bishop of Toronto. The Metropolitan, being in England, applied, on the 10th October, to the Earl of Carnarvon for the Queen's mandate for the consecration on the 21st November. Lord Carnarvon, having taken six weeks to consider the point, and having had the benefit of Lord Romilly's judgment in the Colenso case, writes to the metropolitan, in the following words: "It is the opinion of the law officers of the Crown that a mandate from the Crown is not necessary to enable the Colonial Bishops to perform the act of consecration. As, therefore, the intervention of the Crown is not legally required, either to give to the Archdeacon of Toronto the intended jurisdiction, or to authorize his consecration to the office of Bishop, it would not appear that the proposed mandate could have any legal effect; and, under such circumstances, it would hardly be consistent with the Crown that Her Majesty should be advised to issue such a mandate." These words are unmistakable. The Colonial Church is, by the act of the state, finally cut loose, and is free from all state control in the management of her own affairs, and in the conservation and propagation of the faith of Christ. The decisions of the Privy Council in England on doctrinal matters do not bind or concern us. With the Church of England, as a spiritual body, we are one, and desire ever to remain so; but with the English Establishment we have now no more connection than any religious dissenting body in this country. And with a long breath of relief, every true churchman, with any spiritual discernment or knowledge, must say, "Thank God for that!"—In England two very remarkable episcopal charges have excited much attention—those of the Bishops of London and Oxford, chiefly for their utterances on the subject of *Ritualism*. They both condemn the recent developments very plainly and strongly. The Bishop of London speaks more in the tone of one who looks on the whole thing as a hurtful superstition. The Bishop of Oxford, while speaking in a gentle tone of loving appreciation of the zeal and earnestness of many among the ritualists and with a certain degree of sympathy for their work itself, yet declares against them with equal decision and more real severity. The Bishop of London, after premising that "it is certain that these peculiarities are frequently adopted to symbolize false doctrines on the nature of the Eucharist—a doctrine which is not the doctrine of the Church of which they are ministers," says "matters, certainly, cannot remain much longer as they are. If these practices are persisted in, it must be settled by some controlling authority, judicial or legis-

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lative, how far the liberty of altering the outward form of worship, thus boldly claimed, is to be allowed or stopped." The Bishop of Oxford said, "All ritual, to fulfil its purpose, must lead the worshipper to God, not interpose itself as a veil between God and him. Whatever failed in this, failed in expressing its truest purpose. It might fail, if, by its extravagance or unaccustomedness, it widely shocked the instincts of the worshipper. It might fail, if, by its splendour, its variety, or its intricacy, it drew the soul, which should be lifted up to God, down to the painted images. When he proceeded to try by these principles the question of the late developments of ritual, he had no hesitation in saying that it did not make good its claim to our adoption.....For these reasons, amongst others, he lamented these changes. He deprecated the want of discretion and the disinclination to obey which to-day marked these changes. Most of all, he deprecated the unquestionable fact that, in some instances, there had been introduced names and usages which had nothing to commend them but their distinctive Roman character. Words would fail him in condemning such conduct if it implied in Church of England clergymen a secret attachment to that schismatic and corrupt body." In answer to the question, "What is to be done?" he deprecated the idea of curing the evils by legislation, and thought "that peace was still attainable if, in every case, the parties inclined to make alterations would *lay their case before their Bishop, and act absolutely on his directions*, and that this was, undoubtedly, the true Church rule." Both the Bishops agree in thinking that all efforts for re-union with Rome are both hopeless and hurtful; but, while the Bishop of London speaks of all schemes of union with the Eastern Churches as mere "romantic dreams," the Bishop of Oxford says that "with the great Eastern Church he did not despair of Christian union." There could scarcely be anything more pitiable, anything more mournful, than the utterances of the Bishop of London with respect to the growth of religious error and infidelity within the Church in England. He clings, with desperate and despicable tenacity, to the wretched Privy Council Court of Final Appeal, while acknowledging that it is *impossible* to obtain the condemnation of any man for any false doctrines, however monstrous, unless the accused person volunteers to say in so many words, "I contradict the doctrine of the Church of England." And he "rejoices" that the Church of England is able "to retain in her bosom" two classes of men, one of whom (in his judgment) "represents Christianity as a human philosophy; the other as a superstition." May not we, Canadian churchmen, be thankful that we are not bound by the "legal" or "establishmentarian" acts of men who think with the Bishop of London? The contrast with all this in the Bishop of Oxford's charge is truly refreshing, though, unhappily, the Bishop of London is defending the actual decisions of the Privy Council so strongly savouring of heresy, the Bishop of Oxford deprecating them.

There is stirring news from Natal. The clergy and laity have met, and have elected—the clergy by a bare, the laity by an overwhelming majority—a Bishop in the room of Dr. Colenso. Their choice fell on an English clergyman, distin-

guished for his zeal, devotion, learning, and ability, the Rev. Wm. Butler, of Wantage, in the diocese of Oxford. Mr. Butler will accept the difficult and dangerous post if he is advised to do so by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Oxford. Every true-hearted Christian throughout the world will wish him God-speed.

There is much controversy and much grief respecting a change made, in a posthumous edition of the *Christian Year*, by the executors of the saintly and lamented Keble. The state of the case seems to be this: Mr. Keble wrote originally, in his poem on the *Gunpowder Treason Day*, contrasting the doctrine of Rome and England,

" O come to our Communion Feast
There present *in the heart*,
Not in the hands, the Eternal Priest,
Doth His true self impart."

Keble's executors have taken upon them to alter this from "*not in the hands*" into "*as in the hands*," on the strength of a note from Keble to some friend, written shortly before his death, saying that he had made up his mind to amend the line. "But," it is argued, "he did *not* alter it; he did *not* put it in his will; he did not make the change, or formally direct it to be made—and, therefore, it ought not to have been made." This argument seems conclusive, and has the more weight, when it is considered that the *Christian Year*, which was a kind of lead to universal Christendom, will now be a book of controversy, shut out from the hearts and homes of millions. Here, certainly, is a sad instance of zeal without discretion. The Irish branch [of the Christian Knowledge Society, with the express approval of Archbishop Trench, have, in consequence of this change, removed the *Christian Year* from their list.

At the Advent Ember season, ordinations were held in nineteen Dioceses in England, and 316 candidates were ordained. The same day the Bishop of Quebec held a most interesting ordination at the Village of Georgeville on Lake Memphremagog, when Mr. Thorneloe, for many years a Methodist preacher of some distinction, was admitted Deacon. The Reverend Mr. Thorneloe, who carried the most of his former Congregation into the Church with him, and who had continued ministering to them (for nearly three years) as licensed lay-reader, was appointed by the Bishop to the charge of Georgeville. We need scarcely say, how heartily we wish this interesting Congregation God-speed.

The consecration of thirteen new churches and the re-opening after restoration of fourteen others in England are chronicled during the past month.

On the 1st December last one of the worthiest and most genuine sons of the English Church, after a long life of faithful Christian work, was taken to his rest. William Cotton, well described as "a true gentleman, a true man of business, a true Christian," who died at the ripe age of eighty years, was for more than fifty years an active and zealous member of the great English Church Societies;

and no great work was originated in them, during that period, in which he did not take a prominent part. One of the first men of business in London, he was for forty-five years a director, and for three years in succession, an unexampled honour, governor of the Bank of England. His gifts to the Church's work were princely; and the secret of his ability to do so much was, that from the earliest time when he entered into business, he devoted a tenth of his profits to holy and charitable purposes. This fund rapidly accumulated in the days of his commercial prosperity, far beyond the calls upon it; and from it he was enabled to pour forth contributions to every good and great work with a largeness and freedom which led many to regard him as a far richer man than he ever was. But he gave to the Church's work what was better than money,—time, and thought and his best energies. His business habits made him an invaluable treasurer, and in that character he re-organised the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, enabling it to meet the great and rapid development of its book-selling department without any drain on the funds always given to higher objects. At the monthly meetings of this and other Societies, his mild wisdom and plain common sense often brought back a somewhat tumultuous assemblage to the proper subject before it, and this at a time when such meetings were in danger of degenerating into unruly theological debating Societies. In connection with the S. P. G., he was a most zealous supporter of the Colonial Bishops' Fund; while Church-building was above all other works his speciality. When the late Bishop of London conceived the idea, by many deemed chimerical, of at once building fifty new churches in London, in no one did he find a more zealous and active coadjutor, as well as liberal contributor, than in William Cotton. In all his plans for the improvement of his Diocese that great and good prelate found in him a wise adviser and an untiring fellow-labourer. Besides these religious works, he was ever actively and prominently engaged in the various projects for the improvement of the physical condition of the working classes. The various hospitals of London owe very much to his zealous care. He was one of the founders, and a member of the original council of King's College, London; took a leading interest in the improvements of Christ's Hospital; was, with a friend, the originator of the plan for public baths and work-houses, and concerned in the establishment of the first model lodging-houses. Indeed no scheme, having the improvement of the people for its object, ever failed in eliciting his warm sympathy and assistance. His whole life, in its beautiful consistency, was what the life of a Churchman ought to be, gentle and pure, loving and amiable, without noise or ostentation, or self-assertion, while "full of mercy and good fruits." His end was peace. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

In the terrible accident at the Oaks Colliery on 13th December, died one who was equally in his life a true representative, a true and faithful son of the English Church, Mr. Parkin Jeffcock. Like Mr. Cotton, he was a true man of business as well as a true Christian. While a leading mining engineer, with immense

work and responsibility, he was always most zealously engaged in all good or Christian works, such as Sunday School teaching, from which he never on any account was absent—Church and School building, visiting the poor and sick, and promoting the comfort and happiness of the working people under him. On hearing of the accident, he hastened at once to the spot, and though he knew the danger to be very great, went down into the mine, and worked there all night with the relays of volunteers, and on until the second fatal explosion at 7 A.M., which cost him his life. On the day of his death he had with him the *Eucharistica* and Dr. Hook's *Christian Taught*, as well as his Bible and Prayer Book, as his travelling companions. To him God was not an abstraction but a friend, and Jesus Christ His Redeemer, his heart's love. He died unmarried, aged thirty-seven. While the English Church abounds in such faithful sons, who quietly and noiselessly go on doing their duty, she never can be overwhelmed by her troubles or forsaken of God.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The inherent speculativeness of the human mind has left untouched no subject, however difficult or delicate, within the province of mental aspiration. The fascinations which surrounded the old secrets of Earth and Air have yielded so readily to the persuasive and insinuating magnetism of mental inquiry, that we are inclined to believe the old philosopher's stone no myth after all. The transmutation of the pebbles under our feet into gleaming gold is almost surpassed by the achievements of modern mind. Everywhere we meet with this tendency to speculation, passing often beyond the legitimate limits of thought, grasping fruitlessly after that which a higher power alone can bestow, deifying intellectuality, and labouring to overthrow the wise provisions of Omniscience.

But there must ever remain something vague and undefinable, something mysterious and fascinating, in the consideration of which the mightiest efforts of the mind shrink into utter insignificance, something incomprehensible which can never be fashioned to the measure of human will.

And thus it is with respect to the work (*) which stands at the head of our list. The author, who has wisely made his publication anonymous, has grappled with a subject which lies entirely without the scope of mental research. He has applied to a profound mystery the shallow speculations of an effete system, and has succeeded only in displaying the fertility of those speculations.

Entering upon his somewhat appalling task with the sincere intention of throwing light upon a hitherto unresolved question, he has ended by failing to accomplish in the slightest degree his object. Like one bewildered in the midst of a pathless forest, he has wandered at random through perplexing labyrinths until

(*) *The Rise and the Fall: or the Origin of Moral Evil*. In three parts: 1. The Suggestions of Moral Evil; 2. The Disclosures of Revelation; 3. The Confirmations of Theology. New York: Hurd & Houghton, 1866.

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he has found himself unexpectedly in the selfsame place, whence he proceeded. He has travelled in a circle, wherein he has gathered only the fruits of a paltry mental exercise; he has, in fine, but added another to the numerous failures on record of similar attempts made by greater and abler minds. The origin of moral evil must ever remain an unsolved question; a question of infinite depths which Infinite Wisdom alone can explore.

We turn with a feeling of relief from this somewhat pretentious volume to the brief consideration of a meritorious production of home talent and enterprise.

We have more than once before met with Mr. Borthwick as a compiler, and have as often recognized his excellence in that particular branch of literary labour. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we find him again before the public in connection with a work of considerably greater magnitude than his previous publications.

To say the least of Mr. Borthwick's "*Cyclopædia of Battles*," (*) it is carefully and ably edited, and will form a valuable addition to Canadian literature.

In rendering the Iliad (†) into English verse Sir John Herschel has performed a labour of love. Possessing a mind deeply imbued with a sense of the delicate and refined beauties, and the wild and rugged picturesqueness of Homer, he has accomplished his work throughout with striking care and fidelity. He is happiest, however, in his treatment of those gentler subjects which present so beautiful contrasts to the bolder and more impetuous delineation of forensic and martial strife. In this delightful little sketch of a scene upon the shield,

"Next was there shown a field of corn deep waving, where reapers,
Each with his sharpened sickle in hand, were securing the harvest.
Handful by handful it sunk to their sturdy strokes, and in order
Lay the cut bundles. These into sheaves the binders were tying.
Three were the binders of sheaves, with attendant boys, who the reapers
Followed, gathering the handfuls of corn in their arms, to supply them
Fast as they tied up the sheaves. Apart stood the master in silence
Leaning upon his staff, and with joy surveying the produce.
Under an oak, where an ox was slain, the heralds attendant
Harvest rites performed, and a feast prepared, while the maidens
Sprinkled the meat with plenty of barley flour for the reapers."

It is Homer, still fresh in the memory, who paints with master hand the picture, although the pure and simple English of the translation reminds us that the Chian bard lived and sung whilst yet the number of the centuries was comparatively small.

* The Battles of the World; or a Cyclopædia of Battles, Sieges, &c., &c. By the Rev. D. Borthwick. Montreal: John Lovell. 1866.

† The Iliad of Homer, translated into English Accentuated Hexameters. By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart. London: Macmillan. 1866.

We are, however, none the less persuaded that the hexameter verse can never become popular as a means of expressing poetic thought. There is attached to it an insurmountable monotony which gradually wearies the patience of the reader until he thrusts aside his mental feast rather than endure the feeling of aversion it occasions. We believe there is more true poetry in one of Poe's lyrics, wherein the idea is interwoven with an indescribable rhythmic melody and harmony of rhyme, than in a score of pages of blank verse.

In Mr. Tremenheere's translation of Pindar * we look in vain for any trace of the force and spirit of the original. In his hands the Pindaric fire becomes a mere rushlight. Horace's celebrated simile,

"Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas,
Fervet immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore,"

is entirely meaningless when applied to the Grecian poet as he appears in this rather diluted and prosaic version. Who, for instance, would recognize in these didactic sentences,—

"Great as the gift of water to the world,
More valued than a treasure of pure gold,"—

the admirable brevity and vivid force of the original,—

"ἄριστον μὲν ἕδωρ, ὃ δὲ χρυσὸς ἀθάνατον πῖρ."

It is just such a rendering as we would expect from the sedate and prosy Tupper, whose commonplace philosophy bears no mark of Grecian inspiration. We trust if Mr. Tremenheere has done nothing more, he has at least convinced himself, and the world in general, that Pindaric spirit and blank verse are quite incompatible.

Miss Cary appears most to advantage in her treatment of rural subjects. † She sings of fields and flowers, of groves and vines, with all the facility and sweetness of one possessed of a thorough knowledge and appreciation of Nature. To her a "yellow primrose" is not merely a flower and nothing more.—it is something instinct with subtle and holy being. It utters a language full of inspiration, a language which expresses a continued sympathy with the varied phases of her inner life. An idle and passive dreamer she thus muses through the long warm summer days:—

"I heard the gay spring coming,
I saw the clover blooming,
Red and white along the meadows,
Red and white along the streams ;
I heard the blue bird singing,
I saw the green grass springing,
All as I lay a-dreaming,
A-dreaming idle dreams."

* Translations from Pindar into English Blank Verse. By Hugh Tremenheere, M. A. London: E. Moxon & Co. 1866.

† Ballads, Lyrics and Hymns. By Alice Cary. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1866.

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Pleasant stanzas are these, this and those that follow, charming the ear with their melodious cadence. And yet Miss Cary is not a great poetess. She has nothing in common with those lofty thoughts which

—"Seize upon the mind; arrest and search
And shake it; bow the tall soul as by the wind;
Brush over it like rivers over reeds
Which quiver in the current,"

But there are happy fancies, little shreds of sunshine, charming chords of melody, that fall into the human heart and abide there with perennial freshness.

The most noticeable of the multitude of Christmas books is Mr. Thornbury's "*Two Centuries of Song*."* It is a choice collection of the most sparkling and graceful verse written within the last two hundred years. Altogether it is a delightful volume, replete with those little bird-flights of poetry, that linger longest in the memory of a people.

We confess to have read the "*The Gayworthys*" with more than ordinary satisfaction. Nor have we been less repayed by the perusal of "*A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life*."† The plot is simple and natural; and the style, always pure and lively, is sometimes fervid and brilliant. Leslie Goldthwaite is a girl brought up after a good and sensible way, but frequently placed in contact with wealthier and more fashionable people. To her young mind the actions of these people "*à la mode*" are an enigma. And this enigma she endeavours to solve by mastering the discrepancy between foliage and fruit, between the radiance of true worth and the false glitter of elegant life.

We have received a memoir of Dr. Mountain, the late Lord Bishop of Quebec.‡ It is accompanied by an appendix containing a miscellaneous collection of prayers, maxims and verses written by Dr. Mountain during intervals of relaxation from the severe labours of a missionary bishop. Some of the poems are extremely tender and musical. The following stanza has the ring of true poetry:

"How through the heart will sweep
With hidden spell and strong,
Those notes of sadness deep,
That swell of mournful song!
O still the charm prolong:
*It touches on some tender string,
Akin to pain when pleasures spring.*"

Besides the personal life of the Bishop, this memoir affords a valuable history of the early progress of the Church in Lower Canada, and an account of the foundation of the University of Bishop's College. But we must forego what would be to us the greatest of pleasures, and reserve this excellent work for a more lengthy notice in our next number.

* *Two Centuries of Song*. Edited by Walter Thornbury. London: Sampson, Low & Co. 1866.

† *A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life*. London: Sampson, Low & Co. 1866.

‡ *A Memoir of George Jehoshaphat Mountain, D. P., D. C. L., late Bishop of Quebec*. Compiled by his son Armine W. Mountain, M. A., Incumbent of St. Michael's Chapel, Quebec. Montreal: John Lovell. 1866.

THE SOWER OF SIN.

AN ALLEGORY.

By the pathway which led to the village a traveller walked alone; his dark eyes sparkled with a lurid light, his face was pale and contorted as the face of one who had been strangled. As he walked he hummed a few bars of a song, a wicked, weird, alluring melody, which made the night ashamed, and frightened the echoes, so that none of them ventured to repeat it.

As he walked by, the trees shook as with the rushing of a mighty wind; the little birds ceased singing, and concealed their young under their wings. When he came to the church, the Holy Saints, who were painted on the windows, became pale with terror; and the bell, which was ringing for evening service, suddenly stopped. This made the bell-ringer swear. He was immediately turned away from his situation for cursing in church. Then the school-children robbed the alms-box and bought sugar sticks.

As he passed through the village all the old women, and many of the young ones, began to talk scandal, and have never stopped since. The faithful dog, who lay in his master's kitchen, stole the cold meat and broke the tea things. When he departed the stranger gave a laugh which made the screech-owls jealous. He said my master will be pleased. He was a district visitor of Satan's. And his mission was to sow sin.

M.

The Medley.

ACROSTICS.

TWO STATES.

I.

When sinks the sun, my lov'd one, in the west,

Sadly forlorn I rest,
On mother earth's cold breast.

So hearts whom love has filled with ecstasy,
And thus passed by,
Forsaken lie,

Silent and cold, oppressed by cruel sorrow:
Their joy is o'er
For evermore;

But I shall shine and sparkle on the morrow:

II.

I dream'd the earth was fair on which we stood,

That life was happiness, that men were good,
Awake I shudder, for I know the truth;
But still I cling to thee, sweet dream of youth.

III.

The rippling ocean sparkles, and the zephyr
light are blowing,
And swiftly 'neath her canvass white
gallant bark is going.

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PORTRAITS.

I.

THE CONSERVATIVE.

He loved his kind, but sought the love of few,
And valued old opinions more than new.

II.

THE TRANSIENT.

She was like
A dream of poetry, that may not be
Written or told—exceeding beautiful.

III.

THE FORTUNATE.

Who, looking backward from his man-
hood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his mis-spent time.

IV.

THE RIGHTEOUS.

Not a single path
Of thought I tread, but that it leads to God.

CHARADES.

I.

1. My *first* a sign of the subjunctive mood.
My *second* blooms in garden, field and wood.

2. When the Pilgrim fathers flying,
Crown and crozier's sway,
Sought the land where the mint-julep
Sooths the pilgrim's way,
They their church and king forsaking
In my *whole* their tracks were making.

II.

My *first* in cold seasons pour down.
My *second* is fashion's gay scene.
My *whole* every boy through the town
Goes pelting in winter, I ween.

III.

A dreamy film steals o'er my eyes,
And bids me to my *first* repair.
My *next's* too deep, the waters rise!
I cannot cross: I'm in despair!
My *whole* an English county, whose
Fair meads are water'd by the Ouse.

IV.

My *first* a useful little horse,
Or refuse part of maize;
My *next* Penelope enables
'Gainst suitors all to turn the tables.
My *whole* the spider spreads always
To snare each fly that strays.

APOTHEGMS.

I.

Our minds are framed, and our characters
modified by those master spirits, who sur-
vive alike the attacks of envy, the storms
of persecution, and the oblivious efforts of
time.

II.

Common sense is not that sense which
mankind commonly exercise; but that sense
which they all possess, and would always
exercise, were it not for the depravity of
their hearts.

III.

Sensible men show their sense by saying
much in few words. Noble actions are the
substance of life; good sayings its orna-
ment and guide.

IV.

The natural product of knowledge is not
pride, but modesty; since the great lesson
it teaches is the extent of our ignorance,
and the limits of our faculties and acquire-
ments.

EPIGRAMS.

TIME.

I saw green leaves and roses all last May :
A rusty thorn against the wind to-day.

To X.

Sweet girl, when'er I think of you,
What serious thoughts arise;
What studies brown and devils blue,
Just like your hair and eyes.

W. W.

PRUDENT SIMPLICITY.

That thou mayst injure no man, dove-like
be :
And serpent-like that none may injure thee

STABILITY.

See how the silver sands
Slide to the sea !
Thus works of human hands
Fall to decay.

ARITHMOREMS, ENIGMAS, &c.

I.

ARITHMOREMS.—Writers of the 9th Era.

- 1— 651 and Rosa grome eye tuce.
2—1552 " Wars throw low.
3—2150 " Ring days haul boat on a boat.
4— 550 " Fanny nostere.
5— 651 " Crank Hesse.
6—2152 " Ope awoke hear teck lay.
7— 150 " Bother tar tone.
8— 152 " O skin well.
9—1501 " Chon_Halo.

IRENE and GYPSIE.

ENIGMA.

II.

I am composed of 7 letters.

- To my 4, 3, 1, 2, we must all return.
My 7, 5, 1, 2, is a trial.
My 2, 3, 6, 5, is an air.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is a collection of horses.
My 4, 5, 7, 5, 1, 2, signifies to hate.
And my *whole* is to be found at Lennoxville.

HATTIE.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

- 1—The earliest writer on Natural History.
2—A famous Roman Historian.
3—A great Italian writer.
4—An eminent Italian poet.
5—A Grecian poet and musician.
The initials compose the name of a celebrated Grecian Philosopher.

NELLIE.

SQUARE WORDS.

I.

- 1—A musical instrument.
2—A space.
3—A check.
4—Admits light.

II.

- 1—A particle of water.
2—Is made of hemp.
3—Not shot.
4—Are needed to write.

IRENE AND GYPSIE.

RIDDLES.

I.

In what countries are the lightest men ?

III.

In what part of the sky should we be most likely to find cheese ?

II.

What is the centre of gravity ?

IV.

If spectacles should speak, what ancient author would they name ?

QUESTIONS.

I.

Can any of your readers tell me what is the average numbers of books on the several Universities in the Province ?

II.

Would any of your correspondents kindly inform me if it would be possible to obtain any collection of the ancient Carols of the Church ?

W. B. R.

R. D. I.

ANSWERS TO ACROSTICS, CHARADES, &c., IN No. 1 OF "STUDENTS' MONTHLY."

1—Double Acrostic :—Lip—Eye.

2—Charades : (1) Mandrake ; (2) Bandage.

3—Geographical Enigma :—Montezuma.

4—Enigma :—The "Students' Monthly."

5—Decapitations : { (1) Stall—tall—all.

{ (2) Slate—late—tea.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

I.

I believe it is generally agreed by Philologists that the word Whitsun is derived from Pentecost through the Teutonic forms Phingsten and Whingsten ; so that the word should always be written and read Whitsun-Day, and not Whit-Sunday.—R. H.

II.

Your correspondent's difficulty will be removed if he observes that Exodus xi. 1-3 is a parenthesis, and that the words of Moses to Pharaoh in Exodus xi. 4, &c., are only a continuation of his words in x. 29. As to Exodus xii. 31, I understand it as a message sent to Moses from the King.—E. O.

The other Questions remain unanswered.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LENNOXVILLE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

"We would venture to say that a greater number, and better prepared youths, have entered the various Universities in Upper and Lower Canada, during the last four years, from the Lennoxville Grammar School, than from all the public Grammar Schools in Upper Canada put together."

"Alpha" in "Church of Old England."

HARROLD ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the members of the Harrold Association will be held on Friday eve, Feb. 1st, at the usual time and place, for the purpose of arranging the business for the ensuing term.

CLASS LIST.—LENNOXVILLE, 1866.

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SUBJECT.	RANK.	SIXTH FORM.	FIFTH FORM.	LOWER FIFTH FORM.	FOURTH FORM.	THIRD FORM.	SECOND FORM.	LOWER SECOND FORM.	FIRST FORM.
Scripture....	1	Sleeper.	Austin.	None.	McKenzie Minor.	Matthewson.	Rhodes Minor.	None.	DeLisle.
	2	McKenzie Major.	Russell.	"	Forneret.	O'Grady Major.	Fairbanks.	"	Harrison.
	3	Archibald.	Stirling Major.	"	Stevenson Minor.	Douglas.	Peck.	"	Garth.
English....	1	Anderson Major.	Nicolls Major.	"	Forneret.	Montizambert Mj.	Rose.	"	Garth.
	2	Archibald.	Austin.	"	Stirling Major.	Stevenson Minim.	Drummond.	"	Lumsden Minor
	3	Nevitt.	Russell.	"	Elliott Major.	Valleau.	Stuart.	"	Platt.
History....	1	Sleeper.	Austin.	"	Forneret.	Matthewson.	Fairbanks.	"	DeLisle.
	2	Archibald.	Hall.	"	Bennett.	Norcock Minor.	Peck.	"	Davis.
	3	Curtis.	Stirling Major.	"	Stirling Minor.	Stotesbury Major.	Rose.	"	Harrison.
Geography.	1	McKenzie Major.	Russell.	"	Bennett.	Douglas.	Fairbanks.	"	Platt.
	2	Archibald.	Austin.	"	McKenzie Minor.	Matthewson.	Rose.	"	DeLisle.
	3	Curtis.	Nicolls Major.	"	Forneret.	Merodith Minor.	Peck.	"	Garth.
Greek.....	1	Hobson.	Archibald.	"	McKenzie Major.	McDonnell.	None.	"	None.
	2	Nevitt.	Hall IV.	"	Anderson Major.	Forneret.	"	"	"
	3	Nicolls Major.	"	Whitlock Minor.	Nicolls Minor.	"	"	[Minimus.
Latin.....	1	Wilkinson.	Archibald.	"	Forneret.	Bennett.	Foster.	Montizambert	Stuart.
	2	Nevitt.	Anderson.	"	Whitlock Minor.	Nicolls Minor.	Elliott Minor.	Williams.	Fairbanks.
	3	LaFrenaye.	Merodith Major.	"	Stirling Minor.	O'Grady Major.	Norcock Minor.	Scougall.	Cull.
French.....	1	Whitlock Minor.	Nicolls Major.	"	Forneret.	Bennett.	Seougall.	"	DeLisle.
	2	McKenzie Major.	Curtis.	"	Torrance.	Morkill Major.	Hall Sextus.	"	Platt.
	3	Rhodes Major.	Bowen.	"	Pozer.	Valleau.	Watt.	"	Garth.
Writing....	1	None.	None.	"	Pozer, Broster.	Elliott Minor.	Peck.	"	Harrison.
	2	"	"	"	Elliott Major.	"	"	"	"
	3	"	"	"	Stevenson Major.	"	"	"	"
Elocution..	1	"	"	"	Stevenson Min.	Montizambert Mj.	Simmons.	"	DeLisle.
	2	"	"	"	Wood.	Valleau.	Rhodes Minor.	"	Platt.
	3	"	"	"	Foster.	Morkill Minor.	Rose.	"	DeLisle.
Arithmetic and Algebra.	1	"	"	"	Morkill Major.	Stevenson Minim.	Fairbanks.	"	Garth.
	2	Anderson Major.	Pozer.	"	Stirling Minor.	Matthewson.	Drummond.	"	Platt.
	3	Archibald.	Hall.	"	Whitlock Minor.	Norcock Minor.	DeLisle.	"	Harrison.
Euclid.....	1	Bell.	Austin.	"	Bennett.	O'Grady Major.	Lane.	"	Graham.
	2	Archibald.	Curtis.	Forneret.	Broster.	Rhodes Minor.	Watt.	"	Pares.
	3	Wilson.	Anderson Major.	Nicolls Major.	Pozer.	None.	None.	"	None.
		Bell.	Rhodes Major.	Sleeper.	Bennet.	"	"	"	"
					Austin.	"	"	"	"

Special Prize in History:—W. Stirling, McKenzie, Pring. Sunday School Prize, Mr. Mulvany's Class:—W. Sterling. Pring Foster. Mr. King's Class:—N. Slater.

THE MATRICULANTS.

Greek.—1. Wilkinson.
2. Bowen.
3. Woodward.

Latin.—1. Wilkinson.
2. Woodward.
3. Bowen.

Arith. and Algeb.—1. Bowen.
2. Wilkinson.
3. Woodward.

Euclid.—1. Woodward.
2. Bowen.
3. Wilkinson.